

Name _____
English _____

H.M.S.
Date _____

Locating Participles/Participial Phrases

(Handout)

Directions: Look in the *Elements of Literature* textbook on the page indicated. Find a participle or a participial phrase anywhere on that page.

- Copy the sentence where you located the participle or participial phrase.
- Highlight the participle/participial phrase in blue
- Highlight the word modified in pink

1. Page 24:

2. Page 25:

3. Page 38:

4. Page 56:

5. Page 61:

6. Page 72:

7. Page 73:

8. Page 74:

9. Page 75:

Participles and participial phrases don't always come at the beginning of the sentence. Look at the sentences below. Underline the participial phrases. Circle the word modified. (Many times, not always, commas will help!)

10. It went slowly down the road, taking its time.

Brian W. Aldiss, "Who Can Replace a Man?"

11. I spent the entire day in a sulk, staring out the window, waiting for the rain to stop.

Rosa Guy, The Friends

12. The exercise got the blood pumping through his brain, numbed by the hours of lost sleep.

Frank Bonham, Chief

13. Taran, hunched against a tree root, was pulling his cloak closer around his shoulders.

Lloyd Alexander, The Book of Three

14. Their heads were covered with wigs of European hair, curled in the latest fashion, and adorned with ropes of pearls, rubies, and diamonds.

Margaret Landon, Anna and the King of Siam

ON YOUR OWN:

Go back to the literature book and find a participial phrase in the middle of a sentence. Write the page number, copy the sentence, underline the participial phrase, and circle the word modified.

15. Page _____

Crow Poets

Robert Kyle

They arrived at the Washington, D.C., airport on a drizzly March night as merely eight students from a faraway Montana reservation. Twenty-four hours later, they would be making history as "the Crow Poets," the first members of their tribe—or any Native American group—ever invited to participate in the prestigious¹ Library of Congress Poetry and Literature series.

1. prestigious (pres·tij'əs): famous; respected.

Adorned in resplendent traditional regalia, the students filed into a packed reading room on the sixth floor of the towering marble Madison Building adjacent to the Capitol. One by one they ascended the small stage and stood confidently behind the podium, staring into a cluster of curious, unfamiliar faces, bright lights, and cameras. It was an imposing scenario capable of rattling the most experienced orator, yet the students recited stories of their people, land, and heritage with poise and grace.

The eight students, all from the Pryor, Montana, area, included eighth-grader Mike Beaumont and seventh-grader Yolanda Old



Photography by Robert Kyle

Students pose for photographs before the reading. Back row (left to right): Mike Beaumont, Charles Yarlott, Scott Plain Bull, Mike LaForge, and Chuck Lance. Front row (left to right): Loretta Shane, Yolanda Old Dwarf, Mick Fedullo, Rita Dove, and Nalayna Blaine.

Dwarf, both from St. Charles School; freshmen Mike LaForge and Chuck Lance, and seniors Scott Plain Bull and Loretta Shane, from Plenty Coups High School; and eighth-graders Nalayna Blaine and Charles Yarlott from Pretty Eagle School.

The event was made possible by the U.S. poet laureate,² Rita Dove. One of her responsibilities is to schedule readings by professional poets and authors. Determined to expand the program and to let other voices be heard, she remembered an old friend, Mick Fedullo, whom she knew was an advocate of developing the writing talent in students.

Earning Master of Fine Arts degrees at the same time in the University of Iowa's acclaimed Writer's Workshop, Dove and Fedullo both settled in the West. Dove taught English at Arizona State University from 1981 to 1989, while Fedullo had a calling to help Indian children.

"In the next few years, I witnessed the phenomenal effect Mick had on the Pima children at the Sacaton Middle School," Dove told the overflow audience during her introduction of him. "Mick followed his instincts and encouraged the children to use their own experiences as the basis for their writing. By believing that the children had something important to say, he was able to help them express themselves in that most rigorous of art forms, poetry."

Fedullo first visited the Crow Reservation in Montana in 1984, when he responded to an invitation from the state's Indian Education Association to present a workshop at its annual teacher's conference. Although



After the reading the Crow students changed from poets to tourists and enjoyed Washington, D.C.

Photography by Robert Kyle.

his two workshops attracted a combined total of only fifteen teachers, two came away convinced that their students and school, the Crow Agency Elementary, would benefit from Fedullo's poetry instruction.

He eventually spent a week at the school and later was asked to teach at other schools on the reservation. In 1989, he permanently relocated to Montana. He now resides in Pryor on the reservation and teaches part time at Plenty Coups High School while working as a language development specialist consultant at many reservations, including native villages in Alaska and Canada.

The process of selecting works for the March 1994 Washington, D.C., trip began a year earlier with poetry-writing contests at Plenty Coups High School and two other schools near the town of Pryor. The theme was "Keeping Our Heritage and Our Land."

2. U.S. poet laureate (lôr'ē·it): official poet of the United States, chosen by the Library of Congress librarian, generally for a term of a year or two.

(continued on next page)

plates, which we never used in Chinese meals. In fact we didn't use individual plates at all, but picked up food from the platters in the middle of the table and brought it directly to our rice bowls. Following the practice of Chinese American restaurants, Mother also placed large serving spoons on the platters.

The dinner started well. Mrs. Gleason exclaimed at the beautifully arranged dishes of food: the colorful candied fruit in the sweet-and-sour pork dish, the noodle-thin shreds of chicken meat stir-fried with tiny peas, and the glistening pink prawns^o in a ginger sauce.

At first I was too busy enjoying my food to notice how the guests were doing. But soon I remembered my duties. Sometimes guests were too polite to help themselves and you had to serve them with more food.

I glanced at Meg to see if she needed more food, and my eyes nearly popped out at the sight of her plate. It was piled with food: The sweet-and-sour meat pushed right against the chicken shreds, and the chicken sauce ran into the prawns. She had been taking food from a second dish before she finished eating her helping from the first!

Horrified, I turned to look at Mrs. Gleason. She was dumping rice out of her bowl and putting it on her dinner plate. Then she ladled prawns and gravy on top of the rice and mixed everything together, the way you mix sand, gravel, and cement to make concrete.

I couldn't bear to look any longer, and I turned to Mr. Gleason. He was chasing a pea around his plate. Several times he got it to

the edge, but when he tried to pick it up with his chopsticks, it rolled back toward the center of the plate again. Finally he put down his chopsticks and picked up the pea with his fingers. He really did! A grown man!

All of us, our family and the Chinese guests, stopped eating to watch the activities of the Gleasons. I wanted to giggle. Then I caught my mother's eyes on me. She frowned and shook her head slightly, and I understood the message: The Gleasons were not used to Chinese ways, and they were just coping the best they could. For some reason I thought of celery strings.

When the main courses were finished, Mother brought out a platter of fruit. "I hope you weren't expecting a sweet dessert," she said. "Since the Chinese don't eat dessert, I didn't think to prepare any."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly eat dessert!" cried Mrs. Gleason. "I'm simply stuffed!"

Meg had different ideas. When the table was cleared, she announced that she and I were going for a walk. "I don't know about you, but I feel like dessert," she told me, when we were outside. "Come on, there's a Dairy Queen down the street. I could use a big chocolate milkshake!"

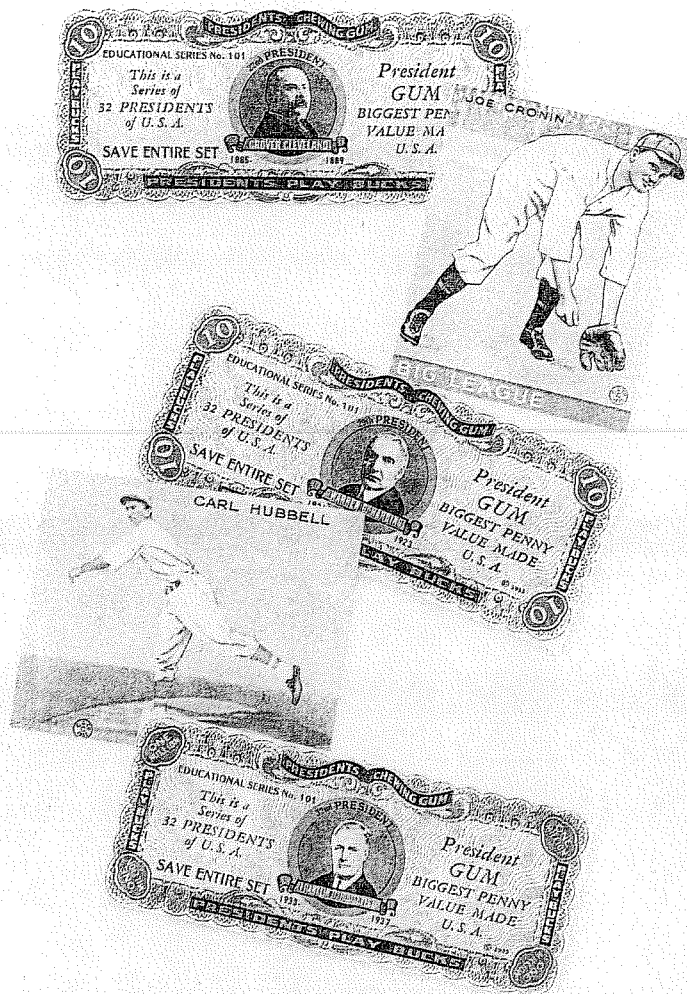
Although I didn't really want anything more to eat, I insisted on paying for the milkshakes. After all, I was still hostess.

Meg got her large chocolate milkshake and I had a small one. Even so, she was finishing hers while I was only half done. Toward the end she pulled hard on her straws and went *sbloop, sbloop*.

"Do you always slurp when you eat a milkshake?" I asked, before I could stop myself.

Meg grinned. "Sure. All Americans slurp."

^oprawns: large shrimps.



by running errands or washing windows for blind old Mrs. Belander, or by finding pieces of copper, brass, and other valuable metals at the dump and selling them to the junkman. The coins clutched in my hand, I would race to Lemire's to buy a cowboy card or two, hoping that Ken Maynard would stare boldly out at me as I opened the pack. At one time, before a disastrous matching session with Roger Lussier (my best friend, except where the cards were involved), I owned five Ken Maynards and considered myself a millionaire, of sorts.

One week I was particularly lucky; I had spent two afternoons washing floors for Mrs. Belander and received a quarter. Because my

father had worked a full week at the shop, where a rush order for fancy combs had been received, he allotted my brothers and sisters and me an extra dime along with the usual ten cents for the Saturday-afternoon movie. Setting aside the movie fare, I found myself with a bonus of thirty-five cents, and I then planned to put Rollie Tremaine to shame the following Monday afternoon.

Monday was the best day to buy the cards because the candy man stopped at Lemire's every Monday morning to deliver the new assortments. There was nothing more exciting in the world than a fresh batch of card boxes. I rushed home from school that day and hurriedly changed my clothes, eager to set off for the store. As I burst through the doorway, letting the screen door slam behind me, my brother Armand blocked my way.

He was fourteen, three years older than I, and a freshman at Monument High School. He had recently become a stranger to me in many ways—indifferent to such matters as cowboy cards and the Frenchtown Tigers—and he carried himself with a mysterious dignity that was fractured now and then when his voice began shooting off in all directions like some kind of vocal fireworks.¹

"Wait a minute, Jerry," he said. "I want to talk to you." He motioned me out of earshot of my mother, who was busy supervising the usual after-school skirmish in the kitchen.

1. **vocal fireworks:** changing levels of sound—deep one minute, high the next. (Armand's voice is changing.)

WORDS TO OWN

allotted (ə·lăt'id) v.: distributed to; gave as a share.
indifferent (in·dif'ər·ənt) adj.: having or showing no interest.

when I happened to pick up a piece of paper that had fallen to the floor in the bedroom he and I shared. I frowned at the paper, puzzled.

"Dear Sally, When I look into your eyes the world stands still . . ."

The letter was snatched from my hands before I finished reading it.

"What's the big idea, snooping around?" Armand asked, his face crimson. "Can't a guy have any privacy?"

He had never mentioned privacy before. "It was on the floor," I said. "I didn't know it was a letter. Who's Sally?"

He flung himself across the bed. "You tell anybody and I'll muckalize you," he threatened. "Sally Knowlton."

I was glad that I had never become involved with love—love that brought desperation to your eyes, that caused you to write letters you did not plan to send. Shrugging with indifference, I began to search in the closet for the old baseball glove. I found it on the shelf, under some old sneakers. The webbing was torn and the padding gone. I thought of the sting I would feel when a sharp grounder slapped into the glove, and I winced.

"You tell anybody about me and Sally and I'll——"

"I know. You'll muckalize me."

I did not divulge his secret and often shared his agony, particularly when he sat at the supper table and left my mother's special butter-scotch pie untouched. I had never realized

Another disaster occurred, although I was the only one aware of it. Armand fell in love.

Nobody in Frenchtown had a name like Knowlton.

"A girl from the North Side?" I asked, incredulous.

He rolled over and faced me, anger in his eyes, and a kind of despair, too.

"What's the matter with that? Think she's too good for me?" he asked. "I'm warning you, Jerry, if you tell anybody . . ."

"Don't worry," I said. Love had no particular place in my life; it seemed an unnecessary waste of time. And a girl from the North Side was so remote that for all practical purposes she did not exist. But I was curious. "What are you writing her a letter for? Did she leave town or something?"

"She hasn't left town," he answered. "I wasn't going to send it. I just felt like writing to her."

before how terrible love could be. But my compassion was short-lived, because I had other things to worry about: report cards due at Eastertime; the loss of income from old Mrs. Belander, who had gone to live with a daughter in Boston; and, of course, the Presidents.

Because a stalemate had been reached, the President cards were the dominant force in our lives—mine, Roger Lussier's, and Rollie Tremaine's. For three weeks, as the baseball season approached, each of us had a complete set—complete except for one President, Grover Cleveland. Each time a box of cards arrived at the store, we hurriedly

WORDS TO OWN

incredulous (in·krej'oo·ləs) *adj.*: unbelieving.

divulge (də·vulj') *v.*: reveal.

stalemate (stāl'māt') *n.*: situation in which no side can win; a draw.

Get on with you, Maibon, and stop borrowing trouble. Hoe your field or you'll have no crop to harvest, and no food for you, or me, or the little ones."

Sighing and grumbling, Maibon did as his wife bade him. Although the day was fair and cloudless, he took no pleasure in it. His ax blade was notched, the wooden handle splintery; his saw had lost its edge; and his hoe, once shining new, had begun to rust. None of his tools, it seemed to him, cut or chopped or delved as well as they once had done.

"They're as worn-out as that old codger¹ I saw on the road," Maibon said to himself. He squinted up at the sky. "Even the sun isn't as bright as it used to be and doesn't warm me half as well. It's gone threadbare as my cloak. And no wonder, for it's been there longer than I can remember. Come to think of it, the moon's been looking a little wilted around the edges, too.

"As for me," went on Maibon, in dismay, "I'm in even a worse state. My appetite's faded, especially after meals. Mornings, when I wake, I can hardly keep myself from yawning. And at night, when I go to bed, my eyes are so heavy I can't hold them open. If that's the way things are now, the older I grow, the worse it will be!"

In the midst of his complaining, Maibon glimpsed something bouncing and tossing back and forth beside a fallen tree in a corner of the field. Wondering if one of his piglets had squeezed out of the sty and gone rooting for acorns, Maibon hurried across the turf. Then he dropped his ax and gaped in astonishment.

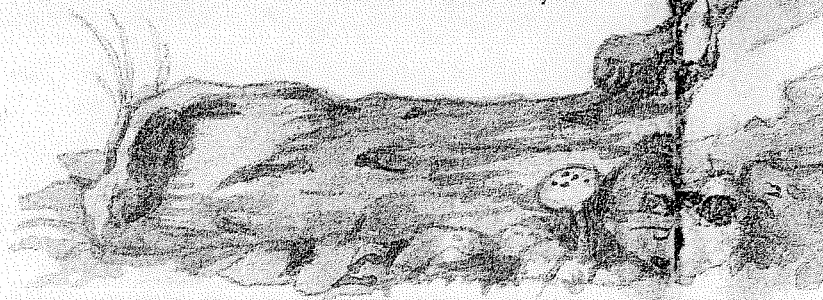
There, struggling to free his leg, which had been caught under the log, lay a short, thickset

figure: a dwarf with red hair bristling in all directions beneath his round, close-fitting leather cap. At the sight of Maibon, the dwarf squeezed shut his bright red eyes and began holding his breath. After a moment the dwarf's face went redder than his hair; his cheeks puffed out and soon turned purple. Then he opened one eye and blinked rapidly at Maibon, who was staring at him, speechless.

"What," snapped the dwarf, "you can still see me?"

"That I can," replied Maibon, more than ever puzzled, "and I can see very well you've got yourself tight as a wedge under that log, and all your kicking only makes it worse."

At this the dwarf blew out his breath and shook his fists. "I can't do it!" he shouted. "No matter how I try! I can't make myself



invisible! Everyone in my family can disappear—poof! Gone! Vanished! But not me! Not Doli! Believe me, if I could have done, you never would have found me in such a plight. Worse luck! Well, come on. Don't stand there goggling like an idiot. Help me get loose!"

At this sharp command Maibon began tugging and heaving at the log. Then he

WORDS TO OWN

delved (delvd) v.: dug. *Delved* also means "searched."

gaped (gāpt) v.: stared with the mouth open, as in wonder or surprise.

plight (plit) n.: bad situation.

1. **codger**: informal term meaning "elderly man."

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stopped, wrinkled his brow, and scratched his head, saying:

"Well, now, just a moment, friend. The way you look, and all your talk about turning yourself invisible—I'm thinking you might be one of the Fair Folk."

"Oh, clever!" Doli retorted. "Oh, brilliant! Great clodhopper! Giant beanpole! Of course I am! What else! Enough gabbling. Get a move on. My leg's going to sleep."

"If a man does the Fair Folk a good turn," cried Maibon, his excitement growing, "it's told they must do one for him."

"I knew sooner or later you'd come round to that," grumbled the dwarf. "That's the way

of it with you ham-handed, heavy-footed oafs. Time was, you humans got along well with us. But nowadays you no sooner see a Fair Folk than it's grab, grab, grab! Gobble, gobble, gobble! Grant my wish! Give me this, give me that! As if we had nothing better to do!

"Yes, I'll give you a favor," Doli went on. "That's the rule; I'm obliged to. Now, get on with it."

Hearing this, Maibon pulled and pried and chopped away at the log as fast as he could and soon freed the dwarf.

Doli heaved a sigh of relief, rubbed his shin, and cocked a red eye at Maibon, saying:

"All right. You've done your work; you'll have your reward. What do you want? Gold, I suppose. That's the usual. Jewels? Fine clothes? Take my advice, go for something practical. A hazelwood twig to help you find water if your well ever goes dry? An ax that never needs sharpening? A cook pot always brimming with food?"

"None of those!" cried Maibon. He bent down to the dwarf and whispered eagerly, "But I've heard tell that you Fair Folk have magic stones that can keep a man young forever. That's what I want. I claim one for my reward."

Doli snorted. "I might have known you'd pick something like that. As to be expected, you humans have it all muddled. There's nothing can make a man young again. That's even beyond the best of our skills. Those stones you're babbling about? Well, yes, there are such things. But greatly overrated. All they'll do is keep you from growing any older."

"Just as good!" Maibon exclaimed. "I want no more than that!"

WORDS TO OWN

obliged (ə·blijd') v.: forced.

Doli hesitated and frowned. "Ah—between the two of us, take the cook pot. Better all around. Those stones—we'd sooner not give them away. There's a difficulty——"

"Because you'd rather keep them for yourselves," Maibon broke in. "No, no, you shan't cheat me of my due. Don't put me off with excuses. I told you what I want, and that's what I'll have. Come, hand it over and not another word."

Doli shrugged and opened a leather pouch that hung from his belt. He spilled a number of brightly colored pebbles into his palm, picked out one of the larger stones, and handed it to Maibon. The dwarf then jumped up, took to his heels, raced across the field, and disappeared into a thicket.

Laughing and crowing over his good fortune and his cleverness, Maibon hurried back to the cottage. There he told his wife what had happened and showed her the stone he had claimed from the Fair Folk.

"As I am now, so I'll always be!" Maibon declared, flexing his arms and thumping his chest. "A fine figure of a man! Oho, no gray beard and wrinkled brow for me!"

Instead of sharing her husband's jubilation, Modrona flung up her hands and burst out:

"Maibon, you're a greater fool than ever I supposed! And selfish into the bargain! You've turned down treasures! You didn't even ask that dwarf for so much as new jackets for the children! Nor a new apron for me!

You could have had the roof mended. Or the walls plastered. No, a stone is what you ask for! A bit of rock no better than you'll dig up in the cow pasture!"

Crestfallen² and sheepish, Maibon began thinking his wife was right and the dwarf had indeed given him no more than a common field stone.

"Eh, well, it's true," he stammered; "I feel no different than I did this morning, no better or worse, but every way the same. That red-headed little wretch! He'll rue the day if I ever find him again!"

So saying, Maibon threw the stone into the fireplace. That night he grumbled his way to bed, dreaming revenge on the dishonest dwarf.

Next morning, after a restless night, he yawned, rubbed his eyes, and scratched his chin. Then he sat bolt upright in bed, patting his cheeks in amazement.

"My beard!" he cried, tumbling out and hurrying to tell his wife. "It hasn't grown! Not by a hair! Can it be the dwarf didn't cheat me after all?"

"Don't talk to me about beards," declared his wife as Maibon went to the fireplace, picked out the stone, and clutched it safely in both hands. "There's trouble enough in the



2. crestfallen: discouraged.

WORDS TO OWN

jubilation (jōō'bē-lā'shən) *n.*: rejoicing; great joy.

rue (rōō) *v.*: feel sorrow or regret for.

chicken roost. Those eggs should have hatched by now, but the hen is still brooding on her nest."

"Let the chickens worry about that," answered Maibon. "Wife, don't you see what a grand thing's happened to me? I'm not a minute older than I was yesterday. Bless that generous-hearted dwarf!"

"Let me lay hands on him and I'll bless him," retorted Modrona. "That's all well and good for you. But what of me? You'll stay as you are, but I'll turn old and gray, and worn and wrinkled, and go doddering into my grave! And what of our little ones? They'll grow up and have children of their own. And grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. And you, younger than any of them. What a foolish sight you'll be!"

But Maibon, gleeful over his good luck, paid his wife no heed and only tucked the stone deeper into his pocket. Next day, however, the eggs had still not hatched.

"And the cow!" Modrona cried. "She's long past due to calve, and no sign of a young one ready to be born!"

"Don't bother me with cows and chickens," replied Maibon. "They'll all come right, in time. As for time, I've got all the time in the world!"

Having no appetite for breakfast, Maibon went out into his field. Of all the seeds he had sown there, however, he was surprised to see not one had sprouted. The field, which by now should have been covered with green shoots, lay bare and empty.

"Eh, things do seem a little late these days," Maibon said to himself. "Well, no hurry. It's that much less for me to do. The wheat isn't growing, but neither are the weeds."

Some days went by and still the eggs had not hatched, the cow had not calved, the wheat had not sprouted. And now Maibon saw that his apple tree showed no sign of even the smallest, greenest fruit.

"Maibon, it's the fault of that stone!" wailed his wife. "Get rid of the thing!"

"Nonsense," replied Maibon. "The season's slow, that's all."

Nevertheless, his wife kept at him and kept at him so much that Maibon at last, and very reluctantly, threw the stone out the cottage window. Not too far, though, for he had it in the back of his mind to go later and find it again.

Next morning he had no need to go looking for it, for there was the stone, sitting on the window ledge.

"You see?" said Maibon to his wife. "Here it is, back again. So it's a gift meant for me to keep."

"Maibon!" cried his wife. "Will you get rid of it! We've had nothing but trouble since you brought it into the house. Now the baby's fretting and fuming. Teething, poor little thing. But not a tooth to be seen! Maibon, that stone's bad luck and I want no part of it!"

Protesting it was none of his doing that the stone had come back, Maibon carried it into the vegetable patch. He dug a hole, not a very deep one, and put the stone into it.

